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THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the News from Barcelona. *Remarks thereon.*

From **Wednesday** November the 28th, to **Saturday** December the 1st, 1705.

Obſ. HOneſt *Country-man*, thou look'ſt very Merrily. A Budget full of Good News, I'll warrant it.

Country-m. Maſter, I am as Drunk with Joy, as ever I was with *October* in all my Life. I am Elevated above the Spirit of a *Huſbandman*. I have got that in my Pocket will revive the Cockles of your Heart, make you forget your *Travels* thro' the *Queens Bench*, and rejoyce mightily at the Succeſs of Her Majeſties Arms. For my part, I think I am grown twenty Years younger, ſince I got this good News into my Pocket. I am as live as a Bird, Maſter.

Obſ. Prithee make me ſo too. What is it?

Country-m. Maſter, I have got ſome Phyſick for you, Publiſhed by Doctor *Jones* in the *Savoy*; that will more effectually Cure your *Vapours*, than your *Spirit of Harts-horn*, *Sal volatile Oleoſum*, or any other *Hyppo-Compoſition*. And what will have this effect upon you, has the contrary effect upon the Nations Enemies. They are all turn'd as Soure as Butter-Milk; they are got into the Pouts, and mumble their Chaps, as if they were Eating Chop'd Hay, or Thiſtle-Porridge. Poor Creatures I cann't help pitying of 'em. Deluded *Nums*, that parted with their *Reaſon* to embrace a *Faction*, and have now loſt all they contended for. They are———.

Obſ. Prithee, Man, come to the Point. Thou'lt make the Porch bigger than the Houſe; thou'rt ſo long in Tuning thy Fiddle, that we ſhan't have one Leſſon of *Muſick*.

Country-m. I can't help that; you know we Country Folk Talk as we can, and not as we ſhould. I tell you, Maſter, the *High-Flyers*, the *Tories*, the *Perkinites* and *Papiſhes*, look very Diſmal. That *Printing-Houſe* in the *Savoy*, will be the Death of 'em all; every Mothers Son of 'em are taking their Departure from this World; their Spirits are quite ſunk, their Hearts beat not an Inch above the Waſteband of their Breeches: They are Dumb-founded, Confounded, Wounded and Surrounded with Perplexities. Ah, Maſter, the *Jacobite Synagogues* and *Temples* are become the *Houſes* of *Mourning*; they Travel by the way of *Weeping-Croſs*: How the poor Creatures Keck in Swallowing this Paper Pill!

Obſ. Country-man, what a while thou art a beating the Buſh? Thou art making of Comments before thou haſt told Us the Text. Thou art Mad.

Country-m, Mad! So I am Mad, and will be Mad, and you are Mad; I am Mad with the good News, and you are Mad becauſe I don't tell it you; and when I have told you, you'll grow Madder and Madder. But to put you out of Pain here 'tis.

Obſ. Aye, *Country-man*, this is what I have long expected and hoped for. *The Tranſlation of ſeveral Letters to Her Majeſty from the K. of* Spain, *the* Junta *of the Military Arme in* Catalonia, *and the* City *of* Vich, *in the ſaid Province; together with an Extract of a Letter Written to Her Majeſty by the Right Honourable the Earl of* Peterborough, *General and Commander in chief of Her Majeſties Land Forces there, and Joint Admiral of Her Fleet.*

The King of *Spains* Account of this Expedition is very particular, and we'll rather make Remarks on His Majeſties Letter, than on the other Accounts, believing it to be of the greateſt Certainty.

We find that our Troops have met with Difficulties almoſt unſurmountable, that they have been encompaſs'd with Dangers, which nothing but extraordinary Courage, joyned with Conſummate Conduct could have Preſs'd thro'. And as the Character which His Majeſty has given them is a juſt Debt; ſo no doubt but His Acknowledgement of their Bravery, will animate them to yet more Noble Actions in the Service of a Grateful Prince: And it may ſerve to eaſe the Minds of *Engliſhmen* in Payment of Taxes, and in ſending more Auxiliaries in ſo uſeful a Service, which redounds ſo much to Her Majeſties *Glory*, to the Honour of Her *Arms*, to the Reputation of the *Engliſh Nation*, and which Her Ally ſo Thanfully acknowledges.

What the King of *Spain* ſays of Her Majeſty is a juſt Tribute due to the Merit of the greateſt Princeſs of the Univerſe: He may call Her His Siſter, His Mother, His All, His Chief Support, the other Hope of *Germany*, and only Hope of *Spain*; for without Her great Alliance the Houſe of *Bourbon* would have kept Poſſeſſion of that Kingdom, which he had ſo unjuſtly Raviſh'd.

The Character His Majeſty gives our Brave *Engliſh General*, the Earl of *Peterborough*, is Brave and Generous, and anſwerable to that good Opinion all true *Engliſhmen* had long before conceived of his Lordſhip. 'Tis true, his Lordſhip, before this time, had never ſuch an Opportunity of giving Proofs of his *Courage*, *Conduct*, and *Skill* in *War*, but now, to the Confuſion of his Enemies which are not a few, he has ſhown the World how Great and Brave Men may be a long time neglected, and at laſt us'd to their own, and their Countries *Immortal Honour*, That we have among our *Nobility* ſuch as are fit for *Generals*, and that we have a *Queen* who knows how to make *Choice* of 'em.

Now we are fully ſatisfy'd of the Surrender of *Barcelona*, and that the whole Province of *Catalonia* is in the Hands of the King of *Spain*, it may not be amiſs to look back on the Behaviour of the Enemies of our *Nation*, during the fatal uncertainty of *Advices* from that part, which fill'd all *Honeſt* Men with *Melancholy Thoughts*, and *Chear'd* the Spirits of our *Enemies*.

We

We all know, that the *Faction* of the *Memorials* had their chief dependance on the miscarriage of this Expedition; for they grow or abate in Hopes, as the *French* King encreases or declines in Strength; their Business was to Talk the Expedition Abortive, and even, before any Miscarriage or Repulse, to lay the fault on the Earl of *Peterborough*, both as chief Projector of the Expedition, and the Cause of its failure; but as I am satisfi'd his Lordship never Projected, so I am now fully satisfi'd he has Executed that Project (to use the King of *Spains* Words) with *A Constancy, Valour and Conduct*, that has brought as much Honour to the *English Nation*, as any one Action in any Age has afforded Us.

Honest *Country man*, my Heart is now abundantly lighter than for some Months past; my Fears of this Expedition were not groundless: I knew the Disadvantages thereof, the Dangers must be expected, and the Difficulties to be encounter'd with. I have heard, with Impatience, the *Clamours* of the *Faction* at Home, how they Wish'd and Pray'd for our Misfortunes in this Expedition. I knew the Hatred they bore to my Lord of *Peterborough*, and Sir *Cloudesley Shovel*, and that, if they met with any Mischievous turn of Adverse Fortune (tho' they had done their best) we had enough to Cry 'em down; and if they met with any Advantage in Fight, we had no Body to Cry it up as *The Sharpest Engagement that ever was seen.* So that upon a Miscarriage we might have lost the Service of two of our best Qualifi'd Commanders.

Let us look upon the Conduct of our Brave General, the Earl of *Peterborough*, and we shall find much in it Particular and Extraordinary, and much of a Presence of Mind, and a happy Turn of Thought. We won't look back to his Conduct and Bravery at Fort *Montjovy*; but we'll take Notice of two Examples of *Martial Wisdom* at *Barcelona*.

First, In keeping the Troops from Plundering; the want of which prov'd so fatal to Us in our Expedition at St. *Maries*. This very thing requires the utmost of Conduct, and is perform'd with the greatest Difficulty; for 'tis a hard matter to Oblige Men to Push the Enemy without a Penny in their Pockets, and to Pursue them over Plunder without stooping to take it up; and yet this, by the Conduct and Pains of the Earl of *Peterborough*, was done at *Barcelona*.

A *Second* Example, is as much of Mercy, as of Courage and Conduct, in saving the *Garison* from being Cut to pieces by the *Incens'd Burghers*, who, perhaps, might have been Joyn'd in that Bloody Deed by some of our *Troops*, had it not been prevented by our Brave and Prudent General.

Consider, *Country man*, the Effects may happen upon this Prudent Management. The Nation of *Spain* are hereby satisfy'd, that their King is not come to Cut their Throats, or to take away their Lives, in Revenge of their being misled into the Duke *D' Anjou*'s Interest. He comes in a Merciful manner to bring them to their Allegiance; and gives Evident Proofs, That he uses the Sword only where it cannot be avoided, contrary to the Reports given out by the *D' Anjou*'s *Partisans*.

The King of *Spain* in his Letter to the Queen, has not omitted taking Notice of the Usefulness of the *Fleet*, and of the Courage and Conduct of Sir *Cloudesley Shovel*; who is, indeed, truly worthy of his Post, and fit to maintain the Empire of his Mistress on the Sea. He has made the *Fleet* Serviceable to the *Land Army*. I could tell you when and where it was otherwise.

And here let us take Notice of the Goodness of God to our *Queen* and *Country*, in giving us such happy Successes so Remote, and so Glorious to the *English Nation*, and in bringing Home in safety our Fleet, consisting of such great Ships, thro' so many Storms in such a Season of the Year. When I consider the Difficulties of this Enterprize, I cannot but admire at the Success, of which I shall speak more next time we meet.

Country-m. Master, I don't know what to do with my self, I am ready to burst the Buttons off my Waste-Coat, I am so puff'd up with Joy. *Bottle-Ale*, Quotha! Give me a Paper of good News to swell the Corps of an Honest *Country-man*. But the poor *Memorialists* are quite undone. Master, they have lost all their Money by laying Wagers upon *Barcelona*. I am glad on't with all my Spirit. I wish they may'nt be able to raise a Soutx to Wager upon *Cadiz*, which will be ours too, next Summer; for I dare engage our Admiral will venture a little nearer the Town than *La Rota*.

Master, I don't know what to do with my self I am so very Merry, I have so many pretty thoughts come into my Head, you can't imagine. I have a sneaking Kindness for poor *Anjou*, because the Cub was perfectly Kid-Nap'd to be made a King of; and what the poor Thing will do next Summer I can't tell; I am afraid he is quite unwinsled. He'll never venture again to Fight on the Top of a Tower as he did once; and therefore I would have him consult with some of the Popes Infernal Officers to make him a Pair of Wings, and then at every Turn he may fly for Advice to Old *Grizzle*, and Madam *Maintenon* at *Versails*.

Obs. But our Soldiers can Shoot Flying.

Country-m. I did not think of that. Well, then, since he can't be secure on Land, nor in the Air, let him Drown himself in a Well, and tell no Body of it.—But, Master, we must ha' done Talking and go to Drinking, we must Tope it Lustily; we have the *Queens*, the King of *Spains*, my Lord *Peterboroughs*, Sir *Cloudesley Shovel*'s, and I can't tell how many Healths to Drink before we go to Bed; and therefore let us begin.

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